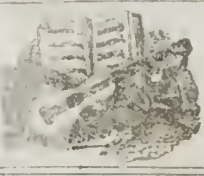


TERMS:—The Post will be furnished subscribers at the following rates:
One year, in advance, \$2 00
If paid within six months, 2 50
At the end of the year, 3 00

Post's Corner.

For the Post.
IMPROVISED
TO NORA.

"Thou art all I have to love,
And now farewell to thee?"

The green earth looks so fair to-day,
The flowers look up and smile,
The soft breeze fans my fevered brow,
And I am sad the while.
The birds are singing on the hills,
The brooks are singing sweet and clear,
While o'er thy picture now I bend,
And shed affection's tear.

I gaze upon thy lovely brow,
I see thy eye's mild beam,
And try to think thy words to me
Are but a fleeting dream:
But not so, no! I read them o'er
'Till Hope's hectic wing
It dares to stir with potent spell,
And sad heart's shivered string.

And her delicious, winsome voice,
No longer comes to me
At twilight's ghostly hour to say
That thou art true to me.
"Twas thy own hand that dealt the blow,"
For wild I love the yet;
And thou hast bid me turn from thee,
Without one sad regret.

Dear Nora! is it you I oh, say!
That thing the poison is dart,
And left its venom mingled with
The life-blood of my heart?
Withdrawing the arrow, cruel one,
I am not false to thee,
Nor would I, for a thousand hearts,
From thy dear bosom flee.
May 1st, 1854. H. G. H., of G.

Select Tales.

The Snake-Bitten Dutchman.

Some years ago near the town of Reading county Pennsylvania there lived a cozy old farmer named Schweighoffer—of German descent and as such his speech was peculiar. Old man Schweighoffer had once served as a member of the Legislature and "no fool," as he had long commended a volunteer corps of rustic militia he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon young Peter and old Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in this State to see the woman and girls in the field—on extra occasions by some of the neighbors.

One day in haying time old Peter and the old lady were hard at it in the field when the old man drops his scythe and says out:

"Gott, Peter!"
"What's de matter fader?" answered the young man, strengthening up and looking to see what was the matter.

"Oh, mine Gott," again cries the old man.
"Does de snake bite young Peter?" asked the old man. "Fader what's de matter?"

"Oh mine, Gott, Peter, de snake bit mine leg!"
"Anything in particular was capable of mauling young Peter it was snakes, for he had once crippled himself for life by stepping upon a crooked stick which broke his ankle and so horrified the young man that he liked to have fallen through himself."

At the word snake, young Peter fell back nimbly as a wire dancer and bawled in turn.

"Where is de snake?"
"App mine trowsis' Peter—Oh, mine Gott!"

"Oh, mine Gott," echoed Peter, Jr., "kill him fader."

"No-o, no-o, he kill me, Peter; come come quick."

But Peter, the youngest's cowardice, overcame his filial love while his fear gave strength to his legs and he started like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman who was in a distant part of field to give the father a lift with the snake. Old Jake the farmer's assistant came bounding along as soon as he heard the news and passing by the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung up their linsey woolsey vests Jake grabbed one of the garments and hurried to the old man who still managed to keep on his pins although he was quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"Oh, mine Gott! Come—come quick, Jacob!"

"Vat you got eh? shnake?"
"Yaw, yaw. Come come Jacob.—He bites me all to pieces. Here an' mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear but few people, young or old are dead to alarm when a "pizen" reptile is making a levy. Gathering up the stiff, dry stalk of a stalworth weed, old Jake told the boss to stand ready, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill him stone dead—and old man Peter, less loth to have his leg bro-

ken than be bitten to death by the viper designated the spot to strike and old Jake let him have it.

The first blow broke the weed and also knocked old Peter off his pegs on a haycock.

"Oh!" roared Peater, "you have broke mine leg and te tam shnake's got away."

"Vere? vere?" old Jake moving briskly about and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon.

"Never mind him Jacob; help me aup I'll go home."

"Put on your vest den, here it is," said the old crout eater gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made the effort he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on an end, "like squill upon a frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes; he shivered; he shook; his teeth chattered and his knees knocked a staccato accompaniment.

"Oh, Jacob, carry me home! I'm so deat as nit!"

"Vat? Ish nodder shnake in your trowsis?"

"No, a—look! I'm swelt all up! Mine vhest won't go on my bnck. Oh mine Gott!"

Tonner and blixen! cried old Jake as he took the same conclusion and with might and main lugged and carried the boss some quarter of a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it for home at the earliest stage of the dire proceeding and so alarmed the girls that they were in high spirits when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in and began to die natural as life when in cometh the old lady in a great bustle and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter in the last gasp of agony and weakness pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up his pantaloons and out fell a small thistle-up and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dish a shnake? Bah!" says the old woman.

"Oh, but I'm pizen to deuth Molly. See, I'm all pizen; mine vhest not come over mine body at all."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the old woman "Vat a fool. You got Peter's vhest on."

"Kosh!" roars old Peter shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge and jumping up. "Jacob vat a old fool you must be, to say I was shnake-bit. 'Go bout your business, gals. Peter bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life.

From the New Orleans Delta.

"THE SNAPPING TURTLE."

A few mornings since, when the weather was more than usually waterish, I found myself strolling Levee street. Getting rather too chilly for comfort, I entered one of the numerous coffee-houses, in that region—not to warm myself at the bar, but at the stove—which, no doubt, was the most rational. It was about the eleventh hour of lunch time, and a plentiful feast was spread out before a crowd of customers who greedily ate the substantial.

I edged myself into a chair, and began to take a quiet observation of "men and things." I had not been thus many minutes, before a very short, stout, queer looking individual walked in and pushed his way up to the fire. Having gained this comfortable position, he wheeled his back to the stove in such a manner that while his face fronted the bar, the right-hand pocket of his great coat came directly under my nose, and consequently under my eyes, also.

Being in such close proximity to my visual organs, I could not help glancing down into it (as one would peep down into a well, or deep pit) when to my surprise I beheld a large, well-stuffed pocket-book lying snugly at the bottom! My immediate impulse was to warm the old gentleman of the very exposed condition of his private financial department, but when I looked up to his face, there was such a shrewd, knowing, self-satisfied air about him, that it occurred to me that he might take the warning as a piece of needless impertinence. Ere I had time to decide this deliberate point, he moved briskly up to the bar, and called for a glass of "hot punch."

While this was in preparation, he placed his elbow upon the counter, and planting his right hand upon his hip, allowed the tail of his overcoat to fall behind him, in such a manner that the gaping pocket became more than ever exposed to prying observers. Yet, I thought that, once or twice, as he imbibed his grog, he gave a malicious leer out of his eyes down in the direction of said pocket, which still remained obstinately open, though several brushed rather hard against it in passing.

The motley crowd of sailors, boatmen, &c., had by this time thickened so fast around the devoted pocket-book and its owner, that my view of both was altogether obstructed; and though my curiosity was greatly excited, I arose to leave the house. I had hardly reached the door, before I was startled by a sharp, snapping sound, like the sudden opening or shutting of a strong backed knife, and this sound was followed immediately by a loud cry of "Oh, Lord, Murder, murder!"

Let go!" Supposing a row commenced,

I turned round and saw the crowd giving way, leaving an empty space around the odd individual just described, who was still leaning calmly upon the counter, guping with a mischievous grin, at a man whose hand was inserted, up to the wrist in his pocket—now no longer open, but closed like a vice! The light-fingered gent was making convulsive efforts to withdraw his hand, but each effort only caused his whole arm to writhe like a tortured serpent while the hand still remained firmly wedged in the pocket! Every one was now looking on in perfect astonishment, as the exulting captor cried out, in a voice of triumph, to the captured:

"Ah, hah! you darned peculatin' bird! You didn't know I carried a snappin' turtle in my pocket didn't you? I guess you didn't or you wouldn't ha' poked your dirty claw into its mouth that ere way!"

"For God's sake let go my hand!" exclaimed the victim in agony. "My fingers are mashed clean off! Do let me go!"

"I haint got hold of your hand, fellow!" replied the other very blandly. "It's in my pocket, where it's got no business.—Hah! you better take it out now?"

This brief altercation gave some insight into the mystery, and caused all present to burst forth into a roar of laughter.—The unlucky thief continued to implore the liberation of his hand in a voice almost subdued with anguish. The old trapper at length reached down and gave a slight pressure to what appeared to be a hidden spring at the bottom of his pocket. It flew wide open immediately, and as the bleeding hand was quickly withdrawn, two rows of sharp iron teeth were displayed to the view. They were ingeniously inserted into a couple of thin elastic steel ribs, united at the corners of the pocket, and forming a rim to its upper edge.—Both the ribs and teeth were concealed under the lining; the teeth only protruding themselves when a stroke was given. The pocket-book was fastened by a strong ribbon in the pocket, and the whole trap was so contrived that when firmly set it could not be thrown, except by pulling the ribbon in an upward direction, as would be done whenever a sly attempt was made to give the book a lift. But a further description is needless. The contrivance was admirable.

The wounded pilferer was no sooner liberated than several persons laid hold on him, while others stepped toward the door with an intimation that they were going for the authorities.

"No, no," exclaimed the hero of the scene, "he has been punished enough already, I assure you. The prints of them teeth will stick to him for life, and it'll be a long time afore he gets over the bite. He's been in a bad snap, that's sartin; so, I may let him go. He don't look like an old liwad at the fingerin' trade, and I warrant he'll keep his paws in his own pockets hereafter."

As none seemed disposed to detain the poor fellow after this speech in his behalf, he was suffered to depart, with a very miserable, crestfallen look. On his disappearance, several inquisitive persons gathered around the great-coat man, and began to question him about the curious machine. "Why did he carry such a tarnation thing about him? How was it contrived?" &c.,

"Why, you see gents," replied he, "last winter I had a round hundred stolen from me in this very place, and out of this here very pocket! It made me so all-fired mad, and put such a spirit of vengeance in me, that on my way up to the river I began to study how I would play off on the cursed rogues next time they cotched me here. At length I hit on this plan, and when I got home I set about it in real earnest. I had a very ingenious neighbor, and 'tween him and I, after a good deal of botherin' and alterin' we got up this fixin'—and it works finally, now, don't it?"

A hearty guffaw from the crowd assented fully to the boast, as the speaker continued, "Drag me if I haven't a great notion to get another machine put in tother pocket, here, and then knock about the city bar-rooms and public gatherin' places just for the benefit of the New Orleans society in general."

Some declared this would be an excellent idea, and half a dozen merry boys drew the old fellow up to the bar to discuss the matter over another glass of punch. The crowd followed after, and I took that the opportunity of making my exit in the opposite direction.

The Manchester Guardian tells the following story of D'Israeli, a popular English author and statesman.—

"When Mr. D'Israeli was a boy at school he was asked by a companion, who is now a respectable tradesman at High Wycombe, what course of action he meant to adopt in order to make his way in society."

The young aspirant promptly replied—

"I mean to write a book which will make me famous. When I have purchased fame, I mean to get a seat in Parliament; and, when once in Parliament, I shall be determined to become a right honorable."

"All this has been fulfilled. And we believe the anecdote we have related solves any mystery which may cling to Mr. D'Israeli's public career."

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Y. did better attend to your duty, and stop

Miscellaneous.

Anecdotes of General Taylor.

If there was one thing that the late President Taylor valued less than any other, it was dress. This indifference to the fine arts of the tailor, as might have been expected, led to a great many amusing plunders on the part of his subordinates. On the day after the battle of Monterey, the General was in company with two other officers, in address, 'talking over matters' in the dining room of the cafe. The General was dressed in a white jacket, straw hat and no necker, continuations. The party had been in close converse but a few minutes, when a young Lieutenant, fresh from Iowa, made his appearance. It was his first day in the camp, having arrived that morning by the way of the up-train, from the Rio Grande. He was of course, unacquainted with anybody. After looking about for a few minutes, he took his seat at a marble topped table, and commenced 'ordering up'.

"I say, shortly, pass the bill of fare."

This was addressed to the General.—"Humor the joke, General," whispered one of the officers, "he evidently takes you for the waiter."

"Well, sir," said the General. "What do you want?" he enquired.

"A mutton chop of coffee—and suddenly," respond the Iowa officer.

"James, get the gentleman what he desires," said the General to one of the real waiters.

"No, sir!" energetically and quite indignantly responded the subaltern, "that would do. If I wanted James to get my dinner, I would have given my orders to James. I want you, old fellow," he continued, rather facetiously, "to attend to the matter. It would do me good to see a man of your build fly around. Hah! hah!"

"But I am engaged, sir, and cannot possibly attend to you. James must wait on you, or you must wait upon yourself," replied the general.

"Well, let James go," the subaltern replied. "Queer people, these," he muttered, half audibly, "two big lubbers to get one mutton chop! No wonder they cannot resist invasion!"

James attended to the order. The Lieutenant partook of his mutton chop and coffee—paid his bill, picked his teeth, adjusted his cap, and snatched forth to take a look at things. The first person he met, on reaching the Plaza was "shorty" the waiter, arm in arm with general Quitman and Col. Canaan.

"Well, if this isn't rushing things, you may shoot me!" exclaimed the surprised subaltern. "A getter-up of fried potatoes supported by a live General and a Colonel of Artillery. I wonder who the devil he is, and where he got his independence. My friend," he continued, addressing another officer, "can you tell me who that little old fellow with the white jacket is, and what he does for a living?"

"What, the one supported by General Quitman?"

"Yes."

"Why, that's old Zacharia, and he makes his living by walloping folks," said the interrogator.

"What Zacharia do you mean?" asked the Iowa subaltern.

"Why, old Zach Taylor, the commander of the Rio Grande army."

"You don't say so! Not General Taylor? Je-ru-salem!" exclaimed the dumb-founded subaltern, and—left.

We heard the above from one who was 'out there,' and participated in the great 'plug muss.' It puts us in mind of another—

Our army officers, we have heard it remarked are generally troubled with the 'shorts'—an affliction brought about by expensive habits, luxurious living and not very large-sized salaries. While in Mexico, our officers were particularly troubled with this complaint—fascinating seniors and the very attractive game of monte being invariably the chief cause.

While in this condition, it was customary for some to draw on the exchequer of a brother officer, in the shape of a loan of a quarter, or such other amount as might be deemed necessary for immediate purposes. Of course, the draft was generally honored, if convenient.

A lieutenant of one of the western volunteer regiments had just arrived at Monterey, and about the first visit he made to any of its multifarious institutions was to an extensive 'monte salon,' where he managed to lose, at that interesting game, the amount of a month's accumulation, and then left.

As he reached the side walk, he divided both hands into his pockets, evidently in search of something; but his disappointed looks gave evidence that the 'something' wasn't there. At this moment General Taylor happened to be passing, unaccompanied, and similarly attired as above described. Approaching the General, our lieutenant put his mouth close to the former's ear, and says he—

"Say, have you got a dollar about you? I've just lost every d-d cent I had, at monte, and I'm hungry as a starved Camanche."

The General was a little 'gouty' that day, as he was occasionally. He gave the Lieutenant a savage look and growled out—

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Y. did better attend to your duty, and stop

leave gambling alone," and passed on.

As we said before, it was customary to 'come out,' when a draft in the shape of a loan was made on a brother officer's treasury; therefore the General's conduct appeared rather singular to the Lieutenant,

Scissoring.

Modern Law may be divided into three parts; supposition, proof and denial.—Supposition is nothing, proof is next to impossible and to deny everything is the main point.

"Jim I believe Sams' got no truth in him."

"You don't know nigger dar's more truth in dat nigger dan all de res' on de plantation?"

"How do you make dat?"

"Why he's never let any out of im."

"My brudders in affliction," remarked a colored preacher, "in all your troubles there is one place where you can always find sympathy."

"What? what?" inquired several hearers.

"In de dictionary," replied the reverend gentleman with a big grin.

The Rev Johnson was one of those rough but quaint preachers of a former generation, who were fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a good lady in a neighboring parish, she asked him if he took milk in his tea. "Yes, ma'am, when I can't get cream," was his reply.

A COLLOQUY ON PIGS.—"Friend," said a Quaker to a man who was driving a drove of swine into Penobscot, "hast thee any hogs with large bones in this drove?"

"Yes," replied the driver, "they've got all big bones."

"Hast thee any, with long heads and short noses?"

"Yes, they're all of them long heads and sharp snouts."

"Hast thee any with broad flat ears, like the ears of elephants, slouching down over their eyes?"

"Stranger, every pig of 'em is that ere, and no mistake; they'll suit you exactly."

"I rather think they will not suit me, friend, if they be such as thee describest. Thou may'st drive on."

RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—"You'd better not smoke sir!"

Traveler. That's what my friends say."

T. O. But you mustn't smoke sir!"

T. O. My doctor tells me."

R. O. (Indignantly.) But you shan't smoke, sir."

T. Ah, just what my wife says."

AT A HIGH.—It is said that when one of the ex-Presidents was a young man, and about leaving college, some of his classmates who were settling their plans for life asked him.

"And what do you mean to be?"

"President of the United States," was the prompt reply.

They went their ways, and in a time his resolve was accomplished; the young collegian stood at the head of the nation.

A JOLLY OLD BRICK.—Cymon of the Boston Post, tells a story of a staunch old pillar of the church in New York, who, having imbibed too freely during his New Year's calls, was feeling somewhat as happy as a harlequin, singing doffing his antique "tie," and huzzing in the most patriotic manner, and when he met one of his brother churchmen, who expressed his surprise, at such an exhibition, upon which the jolly old 'brick' replied:

"You see—hic—brother—the fact is, that I have worshipped the Lord, faithfully and true, for the last fifty—hic—years: so I thought I would—hic—take a day to myself."

NON-INTERVENTION.—"Husband do look there at Tom, he's into my sugar plums up to his eyes," said a very dumpy lady to her liege lord a few days ago.

"Let him go it," was the cool reply of the husband.

"Yes, but husband, if we permit him to go on in this style he will commit a crime which will take him to the State Prison."

"Can't help it;—you see that the fact is, I go in for non-intervention, let every body regulate their own affairs."

"But Tom is a mere child, and it is our duty to train him properly."

"He's as much your child as mine," colly replied the father.

We left, fully persuaded that Tom in the course of time would be one of the U'hoys.

A French constitutional Priest who had usually a very small audience, was one day preaching at Church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came strolling up the aisle. The preacher availing himself of the circumstance, observed, that he could no longer find fault with his district for non-attendance; because, though, they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

Rock, the comedian, when at Covent Garden, advised one of the scene shifters, who had met with an accident, to the idea of a subscription; of names, which, when he had read it over, he returned. "Why, Rock," says the poor fellow, "won't you give me something?"—"Zounds, man," replied the other, "didn't I give you the hint?"

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady (to whom he had once paid his addresses) murmured at the charges. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I had a mind to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

Mr. Careful having been told by his physician, that he must take gentle exercise, replied that he had for some time back, "practiced cutting his toe-nails twice a week."

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R. S. PETERS, Agent.

Lebanon, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1852.

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May 3, 1852.

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OF

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Board, &c., (as above,) with Tuition in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and Philosophy, or either of them, 50 00

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Physician's Fee and Medicines, per Session, 1 50

For Books, and other necessary articles are furnished by the Agent of the College, at current retail prices.

For those who remain at the College during the vacation, there will be an additional charge for Board of 10 00

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Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated "Legends of the American Revolution" published for fifty consecutive weeks in the Saturday Courier, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novelleltes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Deinson, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Liberte, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

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Lebanon, May 5.

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The Edinburgh Review (Whig).

The North British Review (Free-Church).

The Westminster Review (Liberal).

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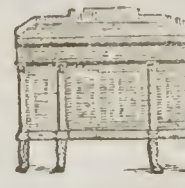
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May 12, 1852, tf

1853

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